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England's Gain

ALTHOUGH at the end of even a victory, Great Britain will have grave problems on her hands in the matter of a strengthened Russia, thus far her gain has been positive in bringing Irishmen together in defense of their country, quite irrespective of religion or politics. It will, in all likelihood, be the policy of the British War Office to mingle Irishmen of all shades of opinion as closely as may be. After fighting side by side, it is not likely that they will be so desirous of killing each other on opposite sides, as we were led to believe was probable.

Contact Mines

ALTHOUGH there is a very general hope that this is the last great war, still there is a possibility that men and nations will go on fighting even after it is concluded. And it is something more than likely that the rules of so-called "civilized" warfare will prohibit the laying of mines of the contact variety, which, when touched, explode, with the destruction of whatever has come into contact with them. These mines, as the British First Lord of the Admiralty pointed out the other day, endanger the safety of neutral shipping, that is, such mines virtually are at war with all the world, no less with the friends of the mine-laying nation than with its enemies and all neutral ships.

Hymen and the Navy

THEIR Uncle Samuel does not approve of his midshipmen marrying, and has promulgated a stringent regulation to that effect. So when Midshipman Joseph Elliot Austin, of Wisconsin, took unto himself a wife in Honolulu, his stern Uncle bade him begone from the navy—and cleave unto his wife, or not, as the case might be.

But a Wisconsin Congressman has secured the unanimous passage of a bill reinstating the wedded sailor to the navy. The arguments in favor of the bill make no mention of sentimental reasons. They set forth that Austin's captain approved the tying of the knot, and they also set forth that by a rare and radiant concatenation of circumstances the copy of the rules with which Austin was provided lacked the page which contained the antimarital law.

We are content that Austin should be restored to the service. It is possible, however, that the suffragists, who may not hitherto have been aware of the existence of the nonmarriage injunction for midshipmen, will take deep umbrage at this insult to Hymen, to whose altar it is the duty of all women to bring, no, not sacrifices—votive offerings.

All Continents Are Engaged in the War

THE European conflict has now passed over the dividing line, not only of nations, but also of continents and of all racial stocks. The news that the Turcos—the Arabs recruited by the French—in Algeria—are fighting for the Tricolor in Alsace, while Japan's fleet has put to sea to aid her ally, England, leaves none of the main stocks of the human race unrepresented in the great madness, our own continent is represented by the Canadians.

Native African troops of the English, German and Portuguese colonies will probably come to blows. The reported contemplated attack by the Japanese on the German base in China will give Asia a good taste of war. Australasian troops are to be sent to swell Great Britain's forces, and, although improbable, it is not impossible that the Antipodes may hear a shot or two from the enemy.

And Europe has already received a preliminary lath of blood.

A sea fight near our own coasts is not impossible, nor is an attack on the British West Indies altogether beyond the range of possibilities.

It would be an exaggeration to call this a world war. But it comes frightfully near meriting that description.

Germany's Side

IN a vehement article in the Boston Herald, Professor Hugo Munsterberg, now of Harvard University, but formerly of Danzig, Leipzig and Heidelberg, complains that the American press has not shown a spirit of fair play toward Germany in publishing and discussing the news of the war. He says: "Whatever Germany or Austria did was seen through the spectacles of the enemy. Their motives appeared tainted, their actions against the rules of the game; they had no just cause and no morals; they were not worthy of American sympathy."

He says that "the naked news which the cable brings helps on this cruel game," and asserts that most of the American correspondents on the Continent have, for many years, been enthusiastic Englishmen, while the few American newspaper men on the spot devote most of their attention to London and receive from there the daily advice and the daily prejudice of English rivalry. And he continues with the more serious assertion that proclamations from the English or French governments "stand gloriously on the front page," while German government replies are hidden away on the fifth.

In defense of the Kaiser and the Emperor Franz Joseph, Professor Munsterberg asserts that it is the height of absurdity to charge that the war was inaugurated at their

personal whims, insisting that the President of the United States has more power than any European emperor, save only the Czar, and emphasizing the statement that both Kaiser and Emperor were compelled by their people to declare, or enter upon, war. Of the Kaiser particularly he says that "he has for twenty-five years been the most efficient power for European peace, and has done more for it than all the European peace societies put together," while of the Emperor he says that he was forced into a war "which he resisted with all the instincts of a man who has suffered much and who wants at last his rest and peace."

Of the causes which impelled the two nations to war, Professor Munsterberg admits that the killing of the Austrian archduke was merely a pretext seized upon by Austria as "an opportunity for an effort to crush the power which aimed toward its downfall," and declares that the war is really the inevitable conflict between Slavic and Germanic power, one of which must prevail—a conflict in which Germany was forced to take part for national and racial self-preservation. To the cry that it is an immoral war, he replies that it is "the one type of war which in spite of the terrible losses is ultimately moral," and proceeds further, "That truly is no fair, no moral fight, if Germany and Austria are not to stand against Russia and Serbia alone, which together have a population equal to that of the two opponents, but are also attacked from behind by France and England, perhaps by Roumania and Japan, and last, but not least, by the misled public opinion of America."

Of the third member of the triple alliance, he says: "In victory or defeat, Germans will hardly forget the flight of Italy, which, under the flimsiest subterfuges, has deserted its allies in the hour of need."

Richmond and the Cotton Situation

MUCH of the heavy responsibility that must be assumed by the banks of the South in consequence of the injurious effects of the Pan-European war upon American industries in general, and those of the South in particular, arises from the partial paralysis of the cotton manufacturing industry.

While exact figures are not obtainable, the South, according to the most reliable information, produces about 14,200,000 bales of cotton annually. Of these, the mills in the United States consume about 5,500,000, leaving for export to all other countries some 8,700,000. Figures, also approximate, show that of these 8,700,000, the countries now actually engaged in war—England, Germany, Russia, France, Belgium and Austria-Hungary—consume 6,350,000, or about 40 per cent, of America's entire cotton production.

Leaving aside the probability that Italy's further consumption of 550,000 bales of American cotton annually may yet enter into consideration, and the certainty that the 3,000,000 bales produced by India and other countries must be reckoned, it becomes apparent that Southern cotton manufacturers are cut off from markets in which they have heretofore disposed of nearly 40 per cent of their product. The surplus thus created will, to some extent, be diminished by the cessation of imports of cotton goods, which amount annually to some \$60,000,000 in value. Further, of the 140,000,000 spindles in the world, 75,400,000 are located in the warring countries, so that still another demand will be made upon the 32,000,000 spindles in the United States, which must, of course, decrease again the surplus of cotton.

With every allowance made, however, for the counter effects mentioned, the fact remains clear that cotton will glut the market until the end of the war, or arrangements for free shipping, shall have restored a normal outlet. Without the co-operation and assistance of Southern banks, a dangerous situation would speedily confront Southern cotton growers and manufacturers.

But assurance is offered, and gratefully relied upon, that the far-seeing officers and directors of sectional banks will safeguard the interests of this great Southern industry. Throughout the States most affected by unprecedented conditions that have arisen, banks will carry the paper of cotton producers, protected and secured by warehouse receipts, while the larger financial institutions will assist the territorial banks.

Richmond is vitally interested in the situation, and in the measures that will be taken to clear it. For several years past the South has been learning to look upon Richmond as its banking center; the strong banks of this city, rich in capital and resource, have extended their financial dealings far beyond the southern boundary of the State. The institutions with which they dealt lent all their weight and influence to Richmond in her successful effort to secure the Federal Reserve Bank.

Now the South looks to Richmond for aid, timely and indispensable, and she will not look in vain. Richmond's banks will take care of the South's cotton.

The Educational War Scare

IF "conversations" bring to a peaceful termination the present European imbroglio the good effects will probably outweigh the bad, at least so far as this country is concerned. We have had an unmistakable lesson that the United States does not constitute a community segregated from all the world, to which a flare-up in the Balkans is of academic interest only.

On the very day that the newspapers of this country were congratulating the universe on the fact that America offered the only "free" market for securities in the world, the New York Stock Exchange shut down, together with those of the other big cities, suspensions of brokerage concerns followed fast, and we had the most convincing proof that anybody could ask that Europe's poison is not a nourishing diet for America.

We needed some such lesson, for there is no doubtless will continue to be a too prevalent impression that "abroad" and its doings are of negligible moment to us, removed as we are by thousands of miles of ocean, untangled by foreign alliances, and enormously big, rich and happy.

That this republic is a member of the family of nations has now been made plain to the man in the street. He will now see that it behooves us to comport ourselves as such. If we "take" little South American republics and refuse to make reparation, why, then, we are rated accordingly by the other big members of the family.

In addition to many millions of shillings, francs, marks and rubles, the war may cost a crown or two.

The Progressives are trying to claim the P. in G. O. P.

Even if it isn't filled with tea, Sir Tom would like to have the cup.

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

The Covington Virginian is a new daily recently started in Covington. It is an afternoon newspaper, and will continue as such, according to announcement, as long as the patronage justifies it. "Good luck to our neighbor and congratulations to Covington," is the welcome of the State press as voiced by the Clifton Forge Review.

"No cause for higher prices now," argues the Staunton Leader, and argues convincingly, but not convincingly enough for old h. p.

The Norfolk Virginian Pilot suggests to the standard element that it lay the blame for the present war upon Secretary Daniels' order making the navy dry. It advises that the argument be made that the order brought about such distress in the wine-growing sections of the various nations involved that war was the only way to take the minds of the people from their misfortune. Judging by past efforts, the anti-administration organs will not accept this advice. They think that the only plausible for them; they will stick to their old of advancing one that contains no merit whatever.

"To many cats and dogs" is the subject upon which the Charlottesville Progress discourses with erudition and wisdom, but it has no reference to the way the Republicans and Bull Moosers are fighting among themselves.

Chase City Progress says: "Really the chestnut blight ought to cause no fears where there are no chestnuts." Agricultural or theatrical note?

The editor of the Charlottesville Progress has evidently been lying awake nights. He writes: "Cats are untaxed and unrestrained. The city is overrun by them. Their serenades distract every community, and even the cat-lover would be hard put to it to give a reason for an overplus of these animals. A wise reduction of the number in Charlottesville would leave a score or two, and even they would not fully justify their existence at the expense of the comfort of the human population."

Editor Ownbey is not endeavoring to qualify for a place on the State Board of Education, but he has made a study of the teachers employed in the schools in and around Grundy. The result of his research and observation inspires the following in the Sandy Valley News: "The requirements of the country teacher are not many. She must be a primary, intermediate, grammar grade, high school teacher combined; she must be able to build fires, adjust fallen stove pipes, put in window panes, sweep, dust, split kindling, drive a horse, keep out the neighboring quarrels, know how and where to whip a bad boy, understand the school laws, raise money for libraries, keep all kinds of records, plant trees on Arbor day, be of good moral character, and pass an examination in the branches of modern education." But, then, Brother Ownbey must remember she has "nothing to do until to-morrow."

The Lynchburg News believes Italy's neutrality to be in the nature of moral support for the allies in their contention that Germany is the aggressor in the European war. "The moral effect of this condition is highly damaging to Germany's cause," it says, "as it does, an interpretation of Germany's conduct from presumably friendly sources, against whose truth and fairness the Kaiser is constantly and furiously protesting," says the News.

The Portsmouth Star is another that thinks "the cost of living need not rise" during the war, but again the trouble is that so many things not necessary will happen, nevertheless.

"Apparently the whole trouble is due to the fact that Germany was prepared for war," says the Bristol Herald-Courier. "This was apparently written half-jestingly and half-seriously, but it contains more truth than jest. Preparation for war is not the best guarantee of peace. It is no guarantee at all. The man who 'totes a gun' is the man who is tried for murder."

"Fortify Cape Henry," says the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. After this war is over, who will be left to attack it?

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Peaceful Life at Sagamore Hill.
Peace—beautiful peace—has settled down upon the Roosevelt domicile on Sagamore Hill. At least, peace is there so far as the country knows, although, for that matter, the country might be mistaken, for, sad to relate, no news comes out of Oyster Bay.

This is because a strict censorship has been established, as is the case in the warring centers of Europe. It is because the people for once have quite forgotten that such a place as Oyster Bay is marked with a pin prick upon the map. The roar of the cannon has brought other spots into prominence, and the noise that has been coming out of Oyster Bay—may perhaps still be coming—has been quite obliterated by the crash of great guns.

It may be still hanging, but the telegraph wires fail to record the results if he in for this relief, many thanks.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Another Opportunity.
If the war continues for any considerable length of time it is likely to create a large market for American soft coal.

Heretofore the Mediterranean countries and the Scandinavian nations have relied on English coal for their main supplies, although the American export trade has been gaining. But if Great Britain, as she has already notified the mine owners is her intention, puts an embargo on the exportation of coal, the demand of Northern and Southern Europe must turn elsewhere and is hardly likely to find better supplies than in the United States.

One of the main troubles in such a trade is in getting coal transported. But this trouble may be means insuperable. One means of overcoming it would be for coal companies in the United States to buy tramp steamers and put them into the neutral trade. Of course, to carry coal to any of the belligerents would be hazardous unless Britain and France had swept the ocean free of German commerce destroyers.

At all events, a very important market for our coal seems likely to be opened up. The coal trade in the United States has been depressed, and we shall find in making use of our opportunities if we do not prepare to grasp this one.—Providence (R. I.) Tribune.

The Case of Austria.
That Austria is wholly without a case may be seen by considering the part played by the Maine in our own Spanish War. The justification, of a sort, urged for that war was that dangerous and intolerable conditions were maintained in Cuba near our shores, and the sinking of the Maine was taken as a kind of demonstration, a concrete instance. It would be a closer parallel to suppose Texas filled with rebellious Mexicans anxious to secede to Mexico, and a Texan affiliated with a band of desperadoes at the Mexican capital. Under such conditions we may be sure that this country would be as hot for war as Austria, and that the demands made upon Mexico for apology and amendment would be quite as severe as those now imposed upon Serbia.—Springfield Republican.

Good, Men!
Somebody said to Jamie MacLanahan one day: "I trust you don't spend all your wages." "I don't," Jamie replied. "I only spend two-thirds." "Two-thirds is all," and the other third, Jamie said, "I suppose." "No, I do better than that with it," he gave it to the wife to run the house.—London Evening Standard.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The Lewis Dog Law.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Our County Supervisors, at last meeting, put into effect not only the recently enacted Lewis dog law, but the one making dog taxes heretofore to be collected as all others. So that the "undesirable classes" in future will do more "tax dodging" on sheep, poultry and game "household pets" destroyers. These "curses of the South" have had their swing long enough. Our chairman of the board, J. E. Hubbard, always alert for the county's good, had sixty out of one hundred young ducks eaten and chewed to mincemeat in one night. A poor working woman, at Milton, near Sturgeon, Polk, has had 110 out of 125 young turkeys killed by one "nigger cur."—Think of it farmers! WILLIAM HEWITT, Charles City Courthouse, Va., August 12.

"Moratorium"—A Stay Law.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Will you kindly give your readers a definition of the word "moratorium," which has recently been used in European dispatches of late?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Richmond, August 12.
The word "moratorium," which has frequently been seen in European dispatches since the outbreak of war, means simply a period during which the laws enforcing certain obligations are suspended. In short, it is the time excepted by the provisions of a "stay law" of the character of those adopted several times in Virginia shortly after the War Between the States. Adapted from the Latin word "morare"—to delay—it delays the collection of debts, for example, until the lapse of the period for which the moratorium was declared.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Appropriate Action.

"What a foolish dance that is, Jane. What do you call it?"
"It's the 'hesitation,' pa."
"Then I think it is the kind of hesitation that ought to stop."—Baltimore American.

Cause for Conceit.

"While I have overcome a number of more or less vicious traits, habits and peculiarities during my somewhat extended and very likely entirely useless career," volunteered Grout P. Smith, the disgruntled dissertationist, "I point with pride to but one of them, namely, and to wit, boasting in a chastenedly triumphant way about having overcome my bad habits."—Judge.

Oldest Inhabitant Speaks.

"Spain is the only nation in Europe which ain't fighting. It's got the same reason for being peaceful as the Populist party here."—Washington Times.

These Loving Friends.

"What a lovely complexion Mrs. Filmgill has!"
"That isn't a complexion," replied Miss Gacyne. "That's a disguise!"—Boston Sunday Globe.

Qualifications for the Law.

Stranger—Why is Jones conceded to be the leading lawyer in this vicinity?
Local Resident—Why, mister, Jones can holler "object" louder than any other man in these parts.—Judge.

Fully Equipped.

Bennie's mother found the youngster fastening bits of candle to the backs of the geese.
"What in the world are you doing, child?" she asked.
"They've got hunkers in front," said Bennie. "so I'm fixing them up with tail lights."—Youngtown Telegram.

Wrong Kind.

"Graft is a successful institution, yet it contradicts ordinary business experience."
"In what way?"
"Isn't it continually going into the hands of receivers?"—Baltimore American.

Whatever Your Skirt.

You cannot tango in the straight and narrow path.—Life.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Arabianism.
Please tell me what "Arabianism" means. I see it several times in a recent book on curiosities of the English language.

M. D.
The word Arabianism was conspicuous rather than distinguished as a lawyer in England during the past century. He was a judge in the Old Bailey up to 1839, and was famous for savings which rivaled the pithy wisdom of Alice's duchess. One of his pronouncements was: "If a case ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this case, this case is that case," and the sort of thing he used to "get off" has grown to be called an "Arabianism."

Two Dates.

Will you tell me what days of the week were April 8 and December 2, 1897?
Both Thursdays. T. T. M.

Greatest Violinist.

Will you tell me who is now considered the greatest violinist of the world?

L. A. BROOKS.
Jan Kubelik, Efrem Zimbalist, Mischa Elman and Eugen Ysaie are the recognized "beast masters." We could not undertake to say which of them is "the greatest." This would be much matter of opinion.

Insurance.

The beneficiaries in a life insurance policy assign absolutely to secure a debt of one-fifth of the amount of the policy. Can the assignee collect the whole policy or only enough to cover his claim?
He can collect the whole. He would, of course, be liable to the other parties for the balance.

What Will Be the War's Name?

Ordinarily when two nations are involved in war the conflict becomes known by a hyphenated title combining the names of the countries. But when so many are involved, as in the present instance, the designation is difficult. This is at the present time in truth the Austro-Serbo-German-Russo-Franco-Belgian-English War, but no one is ever going to stop to call it that, especially as the participants may be increased from day to day. It cannot be known by its original title, for that gives no notion whatever of its magnitude or of the particular powers engaged. It is veritably the drunkenness destroys one of the most important organs. The reckless liver, in a word, winds up a liverless wreck.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

On the Threshold of Adventure.

The moment when one first steps from the station into a foreign town never loses its thrill for me. It is always the threshold of an adventure, the meeting of a new communal personality, to be grasped and won and made intimate. One sniffs the air in anticipation of what a quality is to be as one feels rolling toward one a welcome of individuality, to which one's heart goes out in a rush of response.—Atlantic Monthly.

Reckless Liver.

Professor Charles Stenkinson Carter, the physiologist, was lecturing at a Denver grammar school on the effects of alcohol.
"We now perceive," Dr. Carter concluded, "that drunkenness destroys one of the most important organs. The reckless liver, in a word, winds up a liverless wreck."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Oklahoma Observation.

An Oklahoma editor was much interested in a scientific note he encountered in a New York paper to the effect that if the earth were flattened, the sea would be two miles deep all over the world.

The editor reprinted the note with the following comment:

"If any man is caught flattening the earth, shoot him on the spot. There's a whole lot of us in this State that can't swim."—Titt-Bitt.

"Sit Still and Don't Rock the Boat"

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.



From the St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.

The Trey O' Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is possible to read "The Trey O' Hearts" in Time-Dispatch and also to see it in pictures at the Superior Theatre. Synopsis of preceding chapters: Benita Trine, a wealthy girl of New York, has enticed Alan Law back to the United States from Europe for the purpose of destroying him because of the hatred Trine bore Law's father. Law is in love with Trine's daughter, Rose, but he is a twin sister, Judith is Trine's agent in plotting against Law. Judith and a treacherous Indian guide, attempt to kill Law in the woods of Maine by binding him and leaving him in the path of a forest fire.

CHAPTER VI—JUDITH'S RESCUE

It would have been easy enough, acting on instinct, to snatch his limbs away, but another thought was in his mind: he did not move more than to strain his feet as far as their bonds permitted. Conscious of scorching heat even through his cowhide hunting boots, he suffered that torture for another minute; and a minute averted, within its span a tongue of flame licked a heavy volume of water cascaded with a roar rivaling that of the forest-fire itself.

Immediately Alan kicked his feet free, lifted to a kneeling position, and crawled from the pyre.

As for his hands—Alan's hunting-knife was still in its sheath belted to the small of his back. Tearing frantically at the belt with his hampered fingers, he contrived to shift it round until the sheath knife stuck at the belt-loop over his left hip. Withdrawing and conveying the blade to his mouth, he gripped it firmly between his teeth, and sawed the cords round his wrists against the razor-sharp blade.

Already the infernal glare was silhouetting the trees not a hundred yards from the funeral pyre. Before Alan could turn and run he saw a vanguard of flames bridge fifty yards at a bound and start a dead pine blazing like a torch.

And then he was pelting like a madman across the smoke-filled clearing. Presently the trail, broad, now a well-beaten footpath, branched right and left. Alan turned to the left, and hurried on, and in less than two minutes broke from the forest to the pebbly shore of a wide-bosomed lake. Its forest-bound farther reaches veiled in smoke, and with a few hundred feet of the dam that choked its outlet—a substantial dam, well-banked and timbered (after the fashion in lumbering countries) through whose spill-way a heavy volume of water cascaded with a roar rivaling that of the forest-fire itself.

Two quick glances showed Alan two things: that his only way of escape was via the dam; that there was a solitary canoe at the dam, and he was swiftly to the farther shore Judith Trine and the Indian—the latter wielding the paddle.

In the act of turning toward the dam he saw Jacob turn his head sharply and drop the paddle. The next instant a bullet, from a Winchester .30 kicked up a spurt of pebbles only a few feet in advance of Alan.

He quickened his pace, but the next bullet fell closer, if behind him, while the third actually bit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time, he noted that the distance between him and canoe had lessened perceptibly, thanks to the strong current sucking through the spill-way.

His shot flew wide, but almost instantly his finger closed again upon the trigger, and a coincident with the report he saw the paddle dropped on the bow of the canoe snail twain, its blade falling overboard.

And then the Indian fired again, his bullet dropping past Alan's ear.

As he fired in response Jacob started, dropped his rifle into the lake, clawed wildly at his throat, and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe.

Simultaneously earth and heavens rocked with a terrific clap of thunder, and involuntarily Alan lowered his pistol and turned a startled eye to the sky: a blinding flare dazzled him, and the shock of thunder was echoed in greatest volume.

He turned again and ran swiftly along the dam, toward two heavy timbers that bridged the torrent of the spill-way.

Then a glance aside brought him up with a thrill of horror: the sack of the overflow had drawn the canoe within a hundred yards of the spill-way. The dead Indian in its bows, the living woman helpless in its stern, it swept swiftly onward to destruction.

A moment later Alan found himself at the brink of the spill-way, staring down into a dark chasm fully thirty feet in depth, at where the cascade boiled and screamed over a huddle of jagged boulders.

His next few actions were wholly unpremeditated. He was beyond considering the woman galloped to certain death had all but succeeded in causing him to be cremated alive; he was conscious only of her helplessness, her white, staring face, her strange likeness to the woman that he loved.

He ran out upon the bridge, threw himself down upon the innermost timber, and calculated the drop to the

glassy brink immediately below—no less than a fathom.

The canoe was now well within a hundred feet. A swift glance gauged its course with approximate accuracy. Alan turned, dropped his legs in the space between the timbers, and let his body fall backward, arms extended a length, and swung braced by his feet beneath the outer timber wall.

With a swiftness that passed conscious thought, he was aware of the canoe hurtling onward with the speed of wind, its sharp prow